

Borrowed Hands

A Married Life Story

Written for The Herald
By Mildred K. Barbour

XLI.—The Second Part.

Nancy and the doctor returned from their ride to find Edith holding a telegram, a worried look replacing her usual listlessness.

"I just received this from the doctor," she said, extending the yellow slip to her husband. "Tom has to go to New York on a business mission and Sylvia, of course, goes with him."

"Glad of it," he answered, handing it back. "The presence of the doctor isn't essential to my happiness. Tom hasn't an idea above bridge, and Sylvia is getting too heavy for her particular line of society."

"But it will be so stupid for Nancy," protested Edith.

"My dear," protested Nancy, "don't give me a thought! I'm having the time of my life. Your Carvers may be awfully nice, but I confess they sounded stuffy to me from the first."

"You might ask Nancy's major to stay when he drives up this afternoon," suggested the doctor, bristling at the Christian name.

"That might be a good idea. Do you think he would like it?" she asked, turning to Nancy, who was gleeful over the way the game was playing into her hands.

"I would like it very much to pay attention to Edith, and she herself could manage the doctor's awakening to the fact that she was confident of the success of her plan. The doctor would be much better than the party originally planned."

"I think Major Desmond would be happy to stay," she murmured. "He doesn't know many people in this country, and he seems awfully grateful for our hospitality. Constance and Curtis Stanley think a great deal of him."

"So it was arranged, and when the young Britisher arrived about tea-time that afternoon, he received such a cordial invitation from the Langwells, and such smiling encouragement from Nancy, that he immediately accepted, and the car was dispatched back to town for his bags."

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said to Nancy, as the two took a brisk walk along the lake before dinner. "Of course, I am indebted to you for this hospitality."

"Partly," answered Nancy demurely. "But it's not all without recompense. Remember your promise yesterday afternoon? That you'd be extraordinarily nice to Mrs. Langwell?"

"His face clouded.

"You are going to extract that of me as payment for the pleasure of being with you?"

Dorothy Dix's Advice

THE ART OF FRIENDSHIP.

A girl writes me that she is lonely and asks how she can make other girls like her.

Alas, my child, that is a question that no one can answer specifically. There is no follow-this-rule-and-you-can't-fail recipe for making friends.

Of course, the very essence of the subject is comprised in the old axiom which says that to have friends, we must show ourselves friendly. There is something in our very desire to be liked that draws people towards us. It is some warm quality that makes us stick to all with whom we come in contact.

"So if you want girl friends, you must show yourself friendly to other girls. You must do little kind things for them. You must show them that you enjoy them, and you must meet them more than half way. None of us have such superior charms that we can afford to stand aloof and wait for other people to seek us out. It is just the story of business to make overtures to strangers, as it is theirs to court us."

If you want girl friends, you must be sympathetic. You must be willing to enter into the joys and sorrows of those about you, and to rejoice with those who rejoice, and weep with those who weep. You must be willing to help the green young girl who is just starting in the store or office in which you work and who is scared to death, or to say a friendly little word that makes a strange girl feel at home in the social set in which you move. Just as a hand held out to a stranger has given many a girl a friend for life.

And you must be able to listen without weariness while other girls tell you, over and over again, for the millionth time, the story of their troubles at home, or about the row they had with their beaux. Heaven knows why friendship should be a tear job, but it is. The price we pay for our friends as long as we live for the receipt of their hard-luck stories.

If you would have girl friends, you must be willing to play the game. Friendship means team work, and sacrificing your own individual desire to the will of the group. No girl who insists on bossing the bunch ever has any friends, and the girl who is always ready to take doll rags and go home if the others won't play her way is very soon permitted to go home and stay at home by herself.

If you want to be popular with girls, be easy to get along with. The sensitive girl who is always getting her feelings hurt, and who has to be handled with kid gloves, is too much trouble to both sides. So is the high-tempered girl, who is forever taking offense, and getting angry, and making a scene, or going into a gloomy grouch, and who has to be continually propitiated to keep her in a good humor. So is the squeamish girl who is a perpetual wet blanket on every party, because she is always being shocked, or she is afraid of something, or she can't have anywhere the same amount of physical comfort that she has at home.

The girl whom other girls like

These Women Prove Their Sex Keeps Secrets



The man who originated the platitudes that women can't keep secrets didn't know American women. The sphinx had nothing on them. For proof, see the foreign diplomats here in Washington. Whenever they want a woman for a job that requires utmost secrecy, they hire an American woman! Here are three, many in Washington, who hold confidential places in offices of foreign countries: (left to right) Miss Anna W. Hill, who is in the Finnish Legation; Miss Frances Van der Bogert, in charge of files in the Dutch Legation; Miss M. Pearson, who does confidential work in the Belgian Legation.

Deductions of Harvey Hunt

By Philip Francis Nowlan.

Mrs. Waddicomb had been brutally murdered and the body found in the garden of her country home. The first alarm was sounded by a telephone operator who notified police headquarters that the receiver on the telephone at the Waddicomb home had apparently been knocked off the hook and a man was heard shouting for help. Seventeen wounds inflicted with a hammer were found on Mrs. Waddicomb's head, her hair was disheveled, and there were no hairs in the hair. Dust lay thick on the furniture, as the house had been closed for several months, but broken champagne bottles were everywhere in the dining-room and their contents thoroughly drenched the carpet. The hammer which was used by the murderer was later found in the furnace with a partly burned newspaper wrapped around the handle and a rag wrapped around the head. A woman named Mrs. Waddicomb, the husband, who was at the house, was found buried in a corner of the garden. Waddicomb declared that as he and his wife had been drinking a drink of brandy, they had been attacked. This is how he solved the mystery.

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THESE were the six clues in the case of "Seventeen Hammer Blows":

First. Dust on the tables and furniture.

Second. Champagne bottles broken and contents drenching the carpet.

Third. The seventeen blows on the head of the victim.

Fourth. Head of hammer covered with dust and with newspaper.

Fifth. Hairs in the hair.

Sixth. Money and jewelry found buried on the grounds.

The following conclusions were drawn from these clues:

No drinking orgy such as the professor described could have occurred, or glasses or bottles would have been set on tables, thus disturbing dust. Also if the champagne had been drunk to any extent there would not have been enough left to "drench" the carpet. It would not have taken seventeen blows of a hammer in the hands of a huge man to beat the life out of a woman. But it might take that many in the hands of a rather feeble man of 65. The woman had evidently taken her hair down before she went out in the garden at her death, and the hairs had been brought out by the murderer and scattered about afterward, else a few of them would have remained in her hair, even after the struggle. (But the professor said she had screamed and run out of the house immediately after the attack. Thieves would not have buried the loot. They would have taken it with them.)

The professor was convicted of murdering his wife. He had staged the disaster and buried the money and jewelry to throw the law off his trail. He had wrapped the head of the hammer to deaden possible sound of the blows, and the newspaper on the handle was to avoid fingerprints.

Can you solve this mystery? THE MISSING TEETH.

At 10 o'clock that night Mrs. Squiers, the next-door neighbor, had looked out of her parlor window and seen a man run out of the Travis' house. The man was carrying a bag in his hand. He had paused in front of her own yard to stoop and hastily put it on. Unfortunately she did not recognize him. His face had been shaded by the thick foliage of the tree in front of the house. At 10:15 Travis' two sons and daughter, who constituted his entire household, returned from a party and found their father dead. His head crushed in by the blows of some blunt weapon.

There was missing a gold loving cup, an athletic prize won by Travis in his youth, his watch and chain, a gold-silver penknife, and his wife's wedding ring, which he had worn since her demise. But strangely enough, the thief had not taken a large roll of bills he had carried in the same pocket with the penknife, nor the late Mrs. Travis' platinum and diamond engagement ring, which Travis, a very sentimental man, had carried always in his vest pocket.

Dr. Nigerson told the coroner's

The Way to Keep Well

U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

Drying Clothes in the House.

Q. It has often come to my mind as to whether it gives a healthful atmosphere to dry clothes in the house where there is stove heat or whether such a proceeding produces a condition that makes one take cold more easily. Can you advise me?

A. I do not think drying one or two articles by the stove would have any bad effect on the atmosphere of the room. However, if so many articles are drying that the air is saturated with moisture and the room seems steamy most of the time, I do not think this is good for either you or the baby.

Nitrate of Silver for Wounds.

Q. Please advise me whether or not nitrate of silver will do any harm to a wound? What is the best thing to do to keep a wound open so that it may drain, as when it heals it gives considerable pain, and when open it near so much? This is an old sore, the result of an injury.

A. Nitrate of silver is usually applied to a wound to destroy excessive granulation of tissue that is "proud flesh." Good judgment is required in the use of this caustic. A common method of keeping a wound open so that it may drain is by inserting a stick of gauze, or perhaps, a small piece of rubber tubing. I would urge you to seek qualified medical attention at once.

GOOD MORNING, JUDGE!

BY RUDOLPH PERKINS.

MUST PAY THE RENT ON IN JAIL REPEAT.

Robert Emmons intrusted James Harkins with \$17 to give to the landlord who owned the Emmons' domicile.

Said Harkins got within two blocks of the landlords office and then forgot to turn in the money. The next day Emmons got word to pay up or get out.

He looked up Harkins. The latter swore that he had paid it, but when faced with the landlord's notice, he broke down and admitted that he lost the money—in a crap game.

Harkins was given a week to make good the loss and failed. He was arrested and charged with larceny after trust.

Emmons was faced with an odd proposition. If he demanded the vengeance of the law against Harkins, the latter would go to jail and would be unable to pay back the money. If he asked the court to be easy on him, Harkins would be turned loose on probation and might leave town.

However, Harkins promised to pay back the money and the court paroled him with this understanding.

PROMISES WIFE A TRIP TO THE MOON.

It's a good idea sometimes for a person to keep his opinions to himself.

Louis Murphy was standing on the sidewalk arguing with some friends about the alleged worthlessness of the womenfolk in general. He included the whole feminine tribe.

His wife, Cora, heard about the argument and at the supper table she demanded that when Louis got through swallowing his meal he swallow those words.

But the husband refused to spill his supper. He told Cora outright that if she opened her jaws again on the subject he would send her to the pebble-dashed house, otherwise known as the morgue.

Right away Louis was arrested. He had a reputation for keeping his word even if he did use some other words to slander the women.

He swore in court that he was only joking. The court said death was too serious a matter for a jest and took his personal bonds to keep the peace hereafter especially towards Cora Murphy, his wife.

THROWS BOTTLE AT WRONG WOMAN.

For some reason or other Vernon Tompkins harbored a grudge against Eva Madison, his one-time sweetheart.

After finding out where Eva was supposed to be living, Vernon went to the house and stood outside and waited for the girl to come out. He had no intention of hurting anyone, he said.

Just the same, he had a bottle concealed under his coat. As Martha Washington Burns opened the front door she caught the bottle right on the chin, and it broke.

It seems that Vernon was just as well satisfied to have hit Martha as Eva, because, he once said, Martha had been one of the causes of his and Eva breaking off their engagement.

Martha was not at all satisfied with the blow and sought vengeance in a warrant.

The woman swore that Vernon had a good look at her before hurling the bottle, and she insisted that he did it just for spite.

Vernon insisted that it was an accident, and explained that he intended the bottle for Eva.

The court fined him \$20—which was not an accident.

New York City Day By Day Impressions

By O. O. McINTYRE

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—Thoughts while strolling around New York: A new play called "Home Brew." Hope it doesn't blow up. That was a city detective who looked at me. I hope he doesn't take me for a part of the crime wave. Mitzel, the actress. Cute little trick. Colored collars to match the shirts are becoming popular again.

They say the negro who is starring in "The Emperor Jones" on Broadway makes the flesh creep and that it is not unusual for women to faint. There goes P. G. Wodehouse in a sassafras coat. Wonder where the crowds that used to go to the Knickerbocker for lunch go now?

Isn't it mean of the police to ride around in stolen cars? A line of men leaving an employment agency with a smitten look. I like to peek into the windows of the big avenue mansions. Big dignified rooms. Soft sounding rugs and dancing flames on the hearth. I wonder if I could keep from getting familiar with a butler.

A rich man's club at dusk. Hard-boiled widowers and crusty celibates. They dress for dinner, eat and put out evening over a bridge game. I know two traffic cops now. People think I'm one important. An auction window filled with red plush French furniture. Probably the relics of a stricken table d'hôte.

Pretty shop girls in knee slacks and leather in knee slacks. The subtlest power in the world is theirs. Cloak and suit merchants rushing home in their limousines. The haze of light from the electric signs is flooding the night sky.

Gas jets are firing in boarding house basement dining rooms. The stray cats begin to creep out of the alleys. The odor of food fills the air. The great watch on a sleeping city is mobilizing. The most solemn men in the world are the gray clad private police who patrol New York's quiet streets. From loneliness now I can get across this street safely I'll be home.

When the newly rich buy their first million-dollar apartment in New York they reap the harvest. The other morning a Fifth Avenue dealer received a telephone call from a former miner who had struck it rich and decided to brighten up the "I wish," said the new rich, "that you would send me up about nine good pictures this morning."

Morris Gest has received thousands of dollars worth of advertising, even if he does not win a cent in his suit against Henry Ford. I saw him the other night at the opening of the Century Roof and I do not believe a man passed his table without remarking to some quip about his suit. Even the performers turned several jokes at his expense. Gest is very popular among theatrical folk.

Zona Gale and Zerk Gray, novelists, were at an informal dinner in New York recently. Before the evening was over people were calling them Zona Gale and Zerk Gray. Zona Gray and Zerk Gale and at last one fellow was calling them Gay Zone and Zola Glane.

There isn't anything very appetizing about the sight of a little Bowers lunch room. It says: "Eat Here! Our Waiters Shave Every Day." The idea is, of course, that Bowers waiters are prone to go about with a two or three days' growth on their faces.

Woodward & Lothrop

Open 9:15 A. M. New York—WASHINGTON—Paris Close 6 P. M.

41st Anniversary Sale

No Phone or Local Mail Orders Accepted
TODAY FOR THE FIRST TIME

Philippine Lingerie and Domestic Undermuslins

At Remarkably Low Anniversary Prices

All of these garments were specially purchased for the Anniversary Sale, and needless to say are reasonable values.

Philippine Lingerie

Envelope Chemise, corset cover style, daintily embroidered in solid, punch work and eyelets, finished with hand scalloping. Price for Anniversary, \$2.25.

Philippine Gowns of fine quality nainsook, V, round and square low neck styles, with short sleeves, hand embroidered in floral sprays of punch work, solid gray eyelet embroidery, hemstitching and hand-scalloping. Priced for Anniversary, \$2.50.

Domestic Lingerie

Combinations, corset cover and drawers or corset cover and skirt, of cambric and nainsook, daintily trimmed with fine embroidery and lace heading and ribbon. Priced for Anniversary, \$5c.

Fine Cambric Gowns, in low neck models, with short sleeves, finished with hemstitching, French folds and fine tucks in the front. Priced for Anniversary, \$1.85.

Cambric Gowns, low neck and short sleeve models or high and V neck models, with long sleeves, finished with embroidery edgings. Priced for Anniversary, 95c.

Muslin Underwear Section, Third floor.

MODART CORSETS, \$3.45 PAIR—In a medium model of fancy pink brocade, with medium low bust and medium length skirt. Just about half the usual price. Corset Section, Third floor.

P. N. CORSETS, \$2.25 PAIR—Made of good white coutil, in a low bust style; also of pink coutil in waistline model. Just slightly more than half the regular price. Corset Section, Third floor.

BANDEAU BRASSIERES, 50c EACH—Of pink mercerized brocade material; fastening at the back. Corset Section, Third floor.

WOMEN'S WATCHES, \$20 AND \$22—Gold Filled Wrist Watches, with ribbon bracelets; a splendid timekeeper and a very neat attractive watch. Jewelry Section, First floor.

MEN'S STERLING SILVER WRIST WATCHES, \$15—A fine watch, with leather wrist strap, much below the usual price. Jewelry Section, First floor.

72-INCH SILK NETS, \$1.45 YARD—In twenty of the most desirable shades, ranging from light pastels to dark street colors. Lace Section, First floor.

VALENCIENNES LACES, 75c DOZEN YARDS—Durable Round Thread Valenciennes Laces, both edges and insertions 3/4 to 1 1/2 inches wide; a good range of patterns. Lace Section, First floor.

WOMEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS, 25c EACH—Just half the usual price of handkerchiefs like these. Plain and cord effects, in sheer real linen, with small designs embroidered in corners. Women's Handkerchief Section, First floor.

MEN'S LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS, 35c EACH, 3 FOR \$1—A fine quality Pure Linen Handkerchiefs for men, 3 1/4 inch hems. One-third less than the usual price. Women's Handkerchief Section, First floor.

ORGANDY COLLAR AND CUFF SETS, 85c EACH—Flat and Roll Collars with embroidered dots and trimmed with Valenciennes lace edges. Neckwear Section, First floor.

EVENING SCARFS, \$5.50 EACH—Crepé de Chine Scarfs, in pink, maize, light blue and white, edged, prettily embroidered in contrasting shades; also black with white embroidery. 27 inches wide and 76 inches long. Scarf Section, First floor.

PICTURE FRAMES, \$1.95 EACH—Gold Burnished Swinging Picture Frames, very neat design, complete with glass and back. A splendid frame for your dressing table, boudoir, desk or library table. Picture Section, Fifth floor.

FRENCH MIRRORS, \$11.75 EACH—French Plate Glass Mirrors, in Polychrome frames, very graceful top with a garland of colored roses. A remarkably fine value. Picture Section, Fifth floor.

WARDROBE TRUNKS, \$32.75 EACH—A big, roomy, splendidly made Wardrobe Trunk, covered in hard vulcanized leather with walnut colored binding; cretonne lining. Plenty of drawer space, with compartments for hat and shoes. The clothes-hanging space is conveniently arranged and fitted with adjustable locking ratchet clothes compressor. Trunk Section, Fourth floor.

BLACK ENAMEL SUIT CASES, \$8.25 EACH—In all sizes, very substantially made with real leather reinforced corners and dainty silk finished cloth lining. Traveling Goods Section, Fourth floor.

TAN COWHIDE BAGS, \$9.85 EACH—18-inch, of real cowhide leather lined and reinforced corners; substantial trimmings and padded leather handle. This bag will give splendid service. Traveling Goods Section, Fourth floor.

CHANTILLY LACES, \$2 YARD—Narrow Chantilly Lace Flounces, 16 to 24 inches; a very fine quality in beautiful patterns; also 36 and 40 inch Chantilly Flouncing, at \$4 yard, which is just a little above half the selling price of a few months ago. Dress Goods Section, Second floor.

VELO TOTS, \$2.95 EACH—Just the toy for tire little boy or girl, indoors or out, for either inside or outside play. Hardwood seat, iron gearing, aluminum finished wheels with good rubber tires. Toy Section, Fourth floor.

32-INCH PLAID GINGHAMS, 20c YARD—A very fine quality Gingham in a variety of plaid designs and numerous pretty colorings. The present price is less than half the selling price of a few months ago. Dress Goods Section, Second floor.

PIN SEAL HANDBAGS, \$3.95 EACH—With covered or engraved leather finish frames; silk lined, mirror and pocket. Leather Goods Section, Second floor.